

THE AMERICAN

JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1885.

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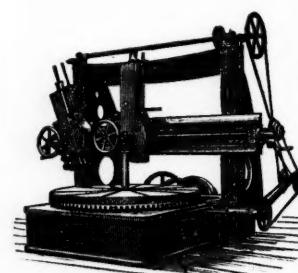
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THE AMERICAN.

VOL. X.—NO 252.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1885.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE observance of Decoration Day was such as to show that there is no falling off in the popular interest in our youngest holiday. But this will not be a permanent thing. Of the local holidays established in honor of the Revolution, only the glorious Fourth is left,—Evacuation Day, Cornwallis' Day, and all the rest having lapsed. It is unfortunate that the only festival which commemorates the far grander struggle for national unity, is one which is almost certain to lapse into oblivion. Two hundred years hence how many soldiers' graves will there be that any one can identify?

THE Senate Committee to hear evidence as to the necessity for a national regulation of inter-State commerce is making the tour of our cities. So far, there seems to be great unanimity as to the need of such action. It is felt on all hands that the transportation system of the country is in a state of chaos, partly through the fault of the nation, partly through the neglect of the states. To bring order out of this chaos, in view of the restrictions laid by the Constitution upon national action, must be a work of time and of difficulty. It is necessary to secure substantial unity of action between nearly forty legislative bodies, of which Congress is but one. But no one State can act effectively, without the coöperation of both its neighbors and the nation. Massachusetts has an excellent system of State regulation, but the efforts of its commission are foiled through their inability to control traffic across the State line, and the absence of a national control. The attempt of Tennessee to regulate the charges on its railroads has broken down, because there is no national law.

It seems to us that the true solution will not be reached until the Constitution shall be so amended as to give to the national government the entire regulation of railroad charges, and the inspection of railroad accounts. Nothing less than this will serve, because in some States the popular prejudice against the railroads, and in others the power of the railroads to control legislation, are too great to make just legislation possible. We shall go on with pottering experiments for ten years, and then amend the Constitution in order to accomplish a definite result.

THE wool-growers have been in convention in St. Louis, and have demanded the restoration of the duties of 1867 on wool. They declare that \$90,000,000 have been lost to American wool-growers by the reduction of duties in 1883, that there has been a great decline in the value of their flocks, and that the business must be abandoned unless the duties are restored. This last may seem an extreme statement, but changes in duties always have caused a notable variation in the production of wool in America. Sheep which were worth \$10 a head during the war of 1812, sold off at \$1 a head when the return of peace removed the protective duty. Under the low tariff of 1846, our sheep increased only five per cent. in ten years. It will not do to let our wool-growers become discouraged at the prospect of a falling and insufficient market. Wool is an article of prime importance for national defence, as every war in its turn has shown us. The restoration of the duties of 1867 is a part of our Republican programme.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has done himself honor by refusing to commission the man Meade, of Copiah County, Miss., for the office of postmaster. Meade is a man who would be filling a felon's cell, if not a felon's grave, in any orderly community. He was the direct and responsible instigator of the Copiah County massacre. He presided at a meeting in which such measures were approved, and he told the people there assembled that the true counter-

irritant for incendiary (*i. e.* Republican) speeches was lead. Yet Congressman Barksdale urged his appointment, and other Democrats of that state endorsed the nomination. The man actually was selected for the office, when Mr. Cleveland, having looked into the evidence against him, refused to sign his commission. The President draws the line at murder, and notifies the shot-gun brigade that they cannot depend on his favor. It is just possible, however, that the members of that brigade could prove to him that he could not have been elected without their services.

THE despatch boat *Dolphin*, built for the government by Mr. Roach, according to specifications furnished by the Navy Department, had another trial on the 28th ultimo, and came off with flying colors. As she failed on two previous trips through the heating of two of her coupling pins, there was a good deal of premature rejoicing among our Free Trade friends. These gentlemen hold a brief against everything made in America, which might have been imported from England. They believe that our government should have followed the example of China, and bought its ships in English dock-yards. And Mr. Roach is particularly offensive to them, as he not only builds iron ships, but stands by the protective policy of the country although ships are not protected by it.

THE *Evening Post*, which was the first to command to us the example of China, was especially exultant over Mr. Roach's seeming failure. It said, "The truth is that Roach's trade for years has been to make ships which needed repairs;" and went on to indicate how the repair business was managed under certain Secretaries of the Navy, in language which lays it open to action from these gentlemen as well as Mr. Roach. Within two days, it seems, Mr. Roach persuaded the *Post* that it must either "eat its leek," or stand the consequences. So it retracted all it said of him, with an energy which is quite remarkable in that frigid daily. It rehearsed Mr. Roach's achievements as the builder of no less than "fifty-three iron steamships none of which have required more repairs than are ordinarily required in vessels of that class built in English yards." And it admitted that his obtaining so many orders, in the face of competition from four or five ship-yards on the Atlantic Coast, was "a fair test of his general workmanship."

The Republican newspapers have been having a laugh at the *Post's* right-about-face. Perhaps they might see something worthy of admiration in its completeness. It is always easy to put a retraction into such a shape as to make it hurt as much as the original offence. Most of our newspapers know the art of doing this. The *Post* certainly has not resorted to it.

THE outbreak of the Apaches on our southwestern frontier puts an end to any exultation we may have felt at the peaceful condition of our own Indians, while those of Canada are in revolt. It was hoped that even these restless marauders had been conciliated by the mildness and firmness of Gen. Crook's management. The troops have been in time to disperse them, and to frustrate the attempt to escape into Mexico, whither they were followed about two years ago. But bloody work has been done already upon offending settlers, and more may be expected before peace is re-established.

THE Republican Convention of Pennsylvania has been called by Mr. Chairman Cooper to meet at Harrisburg on July 8th. Compared with the convention of 1880, for instance, which met in February, this is quite a late date; yet, this year, as there is but a single candidate to nominate—a Treasurer—it would be quite as well to leave the business until August or September. The time,

however, is fixed by the provisions of the understanding arrived at by the Continental Hotel meeting, in 1882, these being afterwards adopted as a party rule, and it will no doubt prove more satisfactory in the long run, to have some fixity in this matter than to leave it to be made early or late, to serve some underhand political object.

WITH the Convention so near at hand, it is evident that the choice of candidates must be promptly discussed. Mr. Quay has been vigorously pushing his canvass, and his friends are active in his behalf. The assurance is given, by authority, that Mr. Cameron "is not opposed to him." Mr. Cooper is understood to be among his supporters. How much progress Mr. Magee is making with his representative, Mr. McDevitt, is not publicly stated. Meantime Republicans generally see the need of taking some other candidate, who can be elected without another harsh trial of the strength of their organization. It would be a great feather in Mr. Cleveland's cap to carry Pennsylvania in 1885, after the 81,000 majority against him in 1884.

GOV. PATTISON has had two years to show the country the extent of his capacity, and up to the present time the Independents feel comforted that they ran their own candidate when he was elected, instead of endorsing that of the Democracy.

His exploit in vetoing the bill to divide Pennsylvania into congressional and legislative districts is his crowning achievement. The bill is admitted by even some Democratic newspapers to have been substantially fair. Yet Mr. Pattison asks why the 175,000 Democrats of Philadelphia are to have but one congressman, and the Democrats of Allegheny county none? Simply because that is the best that can be done for them. The lines cannot be drawn across this city so as to give them a second congressman. By drawing these lines east and west, instead of lumping the wards on the Delaware river into one district, that Democratic member would be wiped out. So in Allegheny county; the lines cannot be run across that county in any direction so as to give the Democrats of Pittsburg and Allegheny City a majority in any district. If the Governor thinks that we should give up election by districts and substitute some scheme of minority representation, there is no objection to his saying so. But he has no right to put before the country such utterly misleading statements as are the basis of his veto message.

THE failure of the Shackamaxon bank, (a State, not national institution), through the misconduct of two officials, with an excess of liabilities above assets to the amount of \$500,000, is a severe blow to the business interests of Kensington. It hardly could have happened if the bank had belonged to the national system. The officials could not have gone on with such dishonest practices if State inspection had been as thorough and as constant as is national. It certainly could not have happened if the directors had been as watchful as their duty to the depositors and stockholders required of them. Unfortunately the idea is too common that a director's business is confined to passing judgment on the mercantile paper laid before the board for discount. As a rule, the directors are too busy for the proper discharge of their duty to the bank. The more reason for a constant audit of the accounts, unless there can be some complete reconstruction of banking methods, which will put the responsibility on those who have time for it.

THE Commencement season approaches, and the young man is arming himself with a second sheep-skin for what commencement speeches call his "life-battle." The learned professor begins to consider where he shall hide his poverty with the most respectability for the next three months. An elect few set their faces eastward, undeterred by the prospect of cholera in Europe. One of these is Prof. S. P. Sadtler of the University of Pennsylvania, who goes abroad to examine the various schools of applied chemistry in Great Britain and on the continent. He goes in the

interest of the new department of chemistry in its application to manufactures, which some of our manufacturers are endowing at the University. This movement will bring the University into more direct and helpful relations with the industries of the city, and will enable them to effect such improvements in method as are needed to keep them abreast with European rivals.

THE Boston ministers who preached on the common have been fined \$30 each for doing it without a license. They explain that they preached at the request of a religious association, which they presumed to have complied with the law. The association says its repeated applications for license met with no response from the city officials. But they have made one more application, and it has been accorded very promptly. So Boston sets limits to its intolerance, and the ministers have carried their point.

THERE seems to be good reason to fear that the British ministry may not hold together until the impending dissolution of Parliament. It is understood that the introduction of an Irish coercion bill would be the signal for the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain. Sir Charles Dilke, who probably would be obliged to resign with him, has been trying to patch up a compromise by getting Earl Spencer to accept a much milder measure. But the Red Earl is as obstinate as the Birmingham radical, and the other members of the Cabinet are frightened at the outlook. This is given as the reason for Lord Hartington's failure to keep an important appointment at Belfast. He was to address a great Liberal meeting there, and was expected to announce the ministerial programme as regards Ireland especially. But when he found how matters stood in Dublin, where Sir Charles Dilke had been visiting the Castle, he became "too ill" to go to Belfast, and discreetly absented himself.

Mr. Chamberlain is a provident man, who looks to the future. He has been trying to imagine what kind of Imperial Parliament it will be, when the laborers in the counties get their votes. He cannot imagine such a Parliament voting coercion to keep Irish tenants under the power of the landlord class. And his present role is to anticipate that Parliament's programme, as "the coming man" when Mr. Gladstone lays down the reins.

THE English ministry have brought in a bill for the relief of the Highland crofters, which is a very small instalment of justice. She robbed these poor people of their lands, and degraded them to the rank of tenants, by the law of 1748. She has sat by in silence, while they were evicted from their homes to make room first for deer and then for sheep. She has seen them driven into any barren corner for which their masters could extract no fancy rent from Londoners who wished to hunt, shoot and fish. And now she offers them security against having to pay an excessive rent for these poor fragments and corners, and against being again evicted so long as they pay that rent. This poor concession will not restore the gallant Highland clans, who sent her sixty thousand men to fight the French. It will not displace the sheep, the deer and the ground by the human beings whose homes they have superseded. But it will be welcomed as the first dawn of justice by a patient, God-fearing and industrious people. Yet not even this would have been given, if Mr. Parnell and his followers had not exacted more in Ireland.

THE news comes from Spain that Mr. Foster has wasted no time. He already has negotiated a fresh reciprocity treaty, which includes the Philippine Islands, as well as the Spanish West Indies. Unless the Spaniards are as indiscreet with this treaty as with its predecessors, we shall not get a glimpse of it until next December. But we do not expect much gratification from its contents. Spain has nothing to offer us that is worth our taking. All she wants is to make us the last stays of her corrupt and exhausting rule in Cuba and Porto Rico, and the chief patrons of her slave labor. We are ready for neither.

INSTITUTIONAL DECAY IN ENGLAND.

IN a recent debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone gave a distinct intimation that a new House of Commons would be chosen in November next. The present House has still two years of legal existence, if the ministry had not decided on a dissolution. It is customary to dissolve in the sixth year, rather than run the risk of finding the situation more unfavorable in the seventh. But a dissolution in the fifth year can only be taken to mean that the ministry have found the House not manageable, and prefer an immediate appeal to the constituencies.

Five years have seen great changes in the political situation, and these changes have not been favorable either to the country at large, or to the Liberal party in particular. The brilliant hopes which Mr. Gladstone's ministry excited at the outset have not been realized. Some great and beneficial measures of legislation have been passed. Two unjust wars have been brought to a satisfactory end. But obstacles which were not foreseen have clogged the wheels of administrative reform. The proposals to establish local elective governments in the English counties, to unify the capital under a single government, and other hardly less important measures have been postponed. And worst of all, the chief instrument of English government, the House of Commons, has declined in temper and efficiency. The weapons of obstruction, caught up by the Irish members in sheer despair of getting anything done for their country, have been borrowed by the Tories. The tone of debate has degenerated. The waste of time has become shameful. And the confidence of the people in the traditional methods of the British constitution has been diminished by the display of disunion in the Cabinet, morose meddling from the Crown, obstruction by the House of Peers, and rowdyism in the Commons. England never had so little reason to be proud of that balance and adjustment of political forces which constitutes her system of government.

These troubles are much more serious in England than would be similar disturbances in the governmental relations of the United States or the colonies. Parliament is much more than Congress. It is the constitutional convention as well as the legislature of the nation, and it is a convention which has not to submit its work to the votes of the people. There is no well-established code of constitutional law, with a national judiciary to enforce it even against Parliament itself. The English system is absolutely the most fluid in the world, the most dependent on the good behavior of the seven hundred people put in trust with its management for seven years, the most liable to sudden and violent changes which do not happen to enlist the opposition of Lords or of Commons as such. There is nothing to fall back upon if Parliament gives way. There is no other guarantee for the continuity of the nation's political life, or against the sudden drifts of passion. Even the hereditary House of Lords furnishes none. Its obstructiveness comes into play only to prevent such changes as militate against the interests or prejudices of the upper classes.

The institutional decay which has been going on in England is to be traced directly to the sins of English policy. It is the Nemesis of political crimes committed by English statesmen of former generations, and assented to by statesmen of our own generation. An English parliament whose scope of legislation was defined by the boundaries of Great Britain and the colonies founded by the natives of that island, would be as great and as efficient as the Long Parliament was, or as any great national legislature the world has seen. It would have to deal with questions its members would understand, and upon which their differences of opinion would be manageable. English statesmen would rise to power and influence by virtue of their capacity to deal with the national interests, or would be driven from power through unfaithfulness to these interests. But the lust for empire has carried England beyond these natural limits. The annexation of Ireland by the most profligate exercise of base influences, and the conquest of India by the sword, may have seemed the means to consolidate and

strengthen the country. They have proved the reverse. For India's sake the English have plunged into one unjust war in Egypt and another in the Soudan. For India's sake they have been trembling on the verge of a war with the great empire of the Slavs and the Tartars. For India's sake they have been obliged to abdicate their just position in Europe, and to count as a cipher in the politics of the continent, where seventy years ago they held the first place. And into how many more perplexities their Indian possessions will carry them, it is impossible to foresee.

It is notable that more than half the difficulties of Mr. Gladstone's ministry grow out of those vicious foreign relations which are the outgrowth of the Indian Empire. More than once his hold on his majority has been shaken, not by any discovery of his inefficiency or untrustworthiness as an English statesman, but because of some military misadventure in the deserts of Africa, or some scuffle between Russian and Afghan outposts. He cannot get the time to govern England, because he has to look after half the world.

In the case of Ireland the Nemesis for past sins is still more visible. The Union introduced into the Imperial Parliament one hundred and five members, who are and always have been an alien and a disturbing element there. These men could not do justice to their constituencies without making a disturbance in London. They cannot better please their constituencies than by seeing to it that the disturbance is as extensive and as offensive as possible. The Irish people have no interest in the maintenance of the House of Commons: their one hope is to be forever rid of all connection with it. So long as they are forced to send their members to London, instead of meeting in Dublin, they are well content to have these members regarded as a nuisance. And in the last five years this has been done so effectually, that the English are beginning to see that the Treaty of Union was a gigantic mistake. Ireland is like the Scotch fairy, who cannot be brought into the House except by the exercise of sheer force, and who, when once in it, will shake it to its very foundations before she is done.

A House of Commons with one hundred and five Irish members, mostly followers of Mr. Parnell, is beginning to be seen to be an impossibility in practical polities. Hence the frank suggestion of some English Tories that Ireland be disfranchised. That would be one way of getting rid of the difficulty, but it is not one that England dares take. It would put an end to the Treaty of Union which expressly stipulates for the one hundred and five members. The other way out of the difficulty is a frank repeal of the Union. If that be done without any appeal to arms on the Irish side, the effect on the temper of the people will be most beneficial. If it be done as a concession to threats when England is in some great peril like that of a century ago, then England will have acquired a permanent and dangerous enemy. If it be done as the outcome of an Irish uprising when England is in peril, the danger will be still more immediate. And before this generation has passed away, it will be done after some one of these fashions.

WEEKLY NOTES.

STEPS were taken at a meeting in Philadelphia last week to organize the Industrial League, an association of manufacturers and others interested in maintaining a protective rate of duties on imported goods. Mr. Joseph Wharton was chosen president, with a list of officers representing different industrial interests. This promises a vigorous and useful organization, whose work will be of much value. And the additional and difficult service to be performed by the Hamilton Club will, we hope, not be long delayed in its commencement.

* * *

THE front-page cartoon in *Harper's Weekly*, this week, (evidently Mr. Nast's, though not signed), is a day after the fair. Probably it was "on press" and had to go ahead. It represents a dolphin standing erect and saying to the Secretary of the Navy: "What, go to sea, Secretary Whitney? That might make me seasick." As the *Dolphin* has gone to sea, and has shown herself to be a remarkably staunch and swift boat, surpassing the *tes* re-

quired of her, this cartoon falls very flat. How petty a temper this, which is exhibited by the enemies of our ship-yards!

* * *

THE committee of the New York Legislature that recently made a report on the plan of tontine life insurance (in general adverse to it), stated that the following salaries were paid to the officers of the Equitable Life Insurance Company: president, \$37,500; vice-president, \$30,000; second vice-president, \$20,000.

* * *

AFTER stating the purport of the two articles by M. Laveleye and Herbert Spencer, (the former of which we published entire in THE AMERICAN), the Hartford *Courant* concludes in this wise:

"The impartial reader will find much to agree with in each. He cannot but admire the Christian spirit of M. Laveleye, and he cannot but admit that we do owe a duty to those cast into this world with us, which cannot be evaded by any theory of ethics. On the other hand, he can see that it is very undesirable to enter upon any experiment of government, called paternal or communal, that tends to destroy individual independence. * * * But the thing not to be forgotten is that we should not have attained our present prosperity except for the prevalence of a spirit of charity and helpfulness in the community, and we never can thrive on the naked doctrine of 'my brother is nothing to me.' 'Everybody for himself' is as far from the ideal state, or even from any practical *modus vivendi*, as 'the state for everybody.'

"AN INGLORIOUS COLUMBUS."¹

HWUI SHAN, a Buddhist monk from Cophene or Cabul, is the "Inglorious Columbus" of this erudite work of more than 700 pages. This Hwui Shan seems to have been one of five mendicant Buddhist monks who in the year 458 A. D. came from Afghanistan to China, and thence, spreading the gospel of Buddha, proceeded to the land of Fu-sang, from whence Hwui Shan returned in the first year of the Ts'i dynasty, and told many marvelous stories. The correct interpretation of Hwui Shan's recital, and the identification of the country of "Marked Bodies," that of the "Great Han," and that of Fu-sang, with the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, and Mexico respectively, are the avowed objects for which this work was written.

That it would be tolerably easy to pass from China to North America via Japan, the Kuriles, the Aleutian Islands and Alaska, cannot be denied, and it is equally irrefutable that Japanese junks, following the Kuro-Siwo, or Japanese Gulf Stream, have ended their course upon the western coast of this continent. The size of the countries spoken of, their distance from each other and from China, and the tolerable coincidence of the habits of the natives of the land of "Marked Bodies" and of Fu-sang with those of the Aleuts and the ancient Mexicans, combine (if the interpretation of Hwui Shan's text is accepted as final) to make out a very fair case in favor of the identification insisted upon. Hwui Shan may not have been an oriental Columbus, he may have rather been, both by date and business, a Fra Bartolommeo de las Casas, yet it appears likely that he visited America.

Mr. Vining quotes all the authorities who have written for and against the identity of Fu-sang with part of North America. De Guignes, Klaphroth, De Parany, Neumann, Perez, Godron, D'Eichstadt, Humboldt, Lobscheidt, Prescott, Nathan Brown, the Abbe' de Bourbourg, C. G. Leland, Bretschneider, etc., follow one another, until the reader is tempted to coincide with the opinion of C. M. Williams, who says "the literature of the subject is extensive, but unsatisfactory in the extreme." These authorities are followed by an essay upon the nature of the Chinese language, introductory to Hwui Shan's Chinese text, which is accompanied by a literal translation, and by eight parallel translations, including that of the author.

Mexican traditions, resemblances between Buddhism and the worship of Quetzalcoatl; parallelisms in the carved representations of the mild god paramount among the pre-Aztec races and those of Gautama-Buddha, as well as certain curious word-like-nesses, are also brought forward to support the argument, and in the final recapitulation, the various paragraphs of Hwui Shan's story are printed in parallel columns with statements of well-known facts regarding the countries and peoples to which they are believed to refer. Mr. Vining remarks that considerable differences between Hwui Shan's description and the actuality must be expected, since the visit was made in the fifth century, and asks whether the Britons of the present day could be traced from Cæsar's description of them. It cannot be denied that the points thus brought out are very many, and our author urges that they are not like the links of a chain, but rather like the threads which bound

¹AN INGLORIOUS COLUMBUS; or, Evidence that Hwui Shan, and a Party of Buddhist Monks from Afghanistan discovered America, in the Fifth Century, A. D. By Edward P. Vining. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Gulliver—to break one is still to leave many others. The most extravagant portion of Hwui Shan's story, the "Country of Women," inhabited by females with hairy bodies and long locks, who carry their young upon their backs, and nurse them a hundred days, is deftly explained by Mr. Vining as referring to monkeys. Mr. Vining may be congratulated for the production of a book the arguments of which cannot readily be put aside, and it is certainly not his fault if Hwui Shan remains an inglorious Columbus.

W. N. LOCKINGTON.

THE DELAWARE INDIANS.¹

THE Lenape or Delaware Indians are—or perhaps we should rather say were—in some respects the most interesting of the native tribes of the United States. They were the acknowledged head of the great Algonkin family, the most widely diffused of the Indian stocks, and the one which has furnished the most notable names and incidents to our early history. King Philip and Miantonomoh, Powhatan and Tamenend, Pontiac and Tecumseh, all belonged to this stock, and all showed certain heroic traits which seemed to attest their common origin. It is not without interest that we see those traits revived in another member of the same far-scattered race, the great Cree chief, Poundmaker, who has lately sprung into celebrity in the Canadian Northwest.

The Delaware nation, which all the tribes of this family regarded, in their peculiar social system, either as their "grandfather" or as their "elder brother," possessed in the early colonial days all New Jersey, nearly the whole of Pennsylvania, and a great portion of the State of New York. But this domain it now appears was not their original seat. Their tribal traditions, comprised in the Walam Olum, or "painted record," which is the subject of Dr. Brinton's volume, enable us to trace them back to a far northern region, probably to the very territories about Hudson's Bay which their Cree kinsmen still inhabit. Thence moving southward, they crossed the Lakes and fought their way through hostile nations of doubtful names and races, until they reached the fruitful meadows and uplands bordering the stream destined thenceforward to be known as the Lenapewi-hittuck, or Delaware river. Here they abode, sending out colonies in various directions, and warring with the Iroquois, the Cherokees and other alien tribes, until at length a new and stronger race of intruders came to sweep them and their enemies away together.

Such is the history recorded in the ancient legendary chant which is now for the first time presented to the world in a complete form. It was preserved in memory with the aid of certain symbols, or mnemonic signs, painted in red on small smoothed sticks, which formed the pages of the Lenape book. Each symbol recalled to the mind of the record-keeper one or more verses of this chant. The fact that the Indians possessed such records is well known from the works of Heckewelder, Loskiel, Schoolcraft, Tanner, Copway and other authorities; nor does there seem to have been any reason for questioning the authority of the Walam Olum, (or "Red score," as it is literally rendered) except the erratic character and acts of the first discoverer of the record—Prof. Rafinesque—and some peculiarities of the language in which the chant is written. These grounds are fully discussed by Dr. Brinton, and the result seems to leave no reason for doubting that the record is a genuine Indian legend.

The volume, however, is much more than a mere commentary on this curious chant. It is in fact a complete description of the Delaware people, their tribal divisions, their confederates and neighbors, their social system, political constitution and religious belief, their language, and their moral and mental character. Dr. Brinton has neglected no source of information, either in books or in the memory of native informants. His extensive knowledge of Indian history and characteristics has enabled him to give an accuracy and completeness to his picture which one less versed in these subjects would not have been able to attain.

For most readers the account which is furnished of the more recent history of the Delawares will have a special and rather melancholy interest. The gradual wasting of the tribe under the encroachments of the white settlers, the injuries and outrages of which they were the victims, and their final expulsion and dispersion—so complete that not one of them remains within the territory in which they were found by the first colonists—make a mournful page in that least agreeable portion of our annals which describes the treatment of the native tribes by their European supplacers. It is a remarkable fact that no Indians have met with so hard a fate as those who welcomed Penn and his followers; and it must be added that no sect in the colonial times seems to have shown such utter indifference to the conversion of the Indians as the Friends. Dr. Brinton states that he has "not found

¹THE LENAPE AND THEIR LEGENDS; WITH THE COMPLETE TEXT AND SYMBOLS OF THE WALAM OLUM. By Daniel G. Brinton. Pp. 262. 8vo. Philadelphia: Brinton.

the record of any one of them who set seriously to work to learn the native tongue, without which all effort would be fruitless." It is but just to say, on the other hand, that members of this denomination displayed on several occasions a praiseworthy disposition to protect the Indians from the attacks of the hostile whites, and that in recent times their efforts in this way have been still more commendable.

The author has investigated with care a curious question in the history of the Delaware nation, on which a wide difference of opinion has prevailed. It is a question of interest on many accounts, and particularly in its bearing on the right assumed by these Indians of selling land to the early colonists. There is no doubt that for a time the Lenape people were deemed by themselves as well as by the surrounding tribes to have renounced the right of making war. In Indian phrase, they had been "made women." Their weapons had been taken from them, they had been clad—figuratively—in female dress, and a hoe and a corn-pestle had been ceremoniously placed in their hands. This had been done by the Iroquois, their hereditary enemies, who thenceforward became their protectors. According to the Iroquois story, this act was the result of conquest. They had overcome the Lenape in war, and had mercifully spared their lives on condition of their assuming this humble position of peaceful wards. The Delawares protested—not publicly, it would seem, but at least to the Moravian missionaries among them—against this humiliating account. They affirmed that their people had been persuaded, by the insidious wiles of the Iroquois, to assume the position of neutrals and mediators among the Indian tribes. As the office of peacemaker, according to native ideas, properly belonged to the women, the ceremony which proclaimed that the Delawares had been made women signified nothing more than that they had consented to assume this amiable and honorable office. Two of the missionary historians, Heckewelder and Loskiel, gave credence to this singular story. On the other hand, Bishop de Schweinitz, the biographer of Zeisberger, characterized it as "fabulous and absurd;" and other investigators have scouted it in equally emphatic terms. Dr. Brinton, however, has accumulated a mass of testimony from various sources, going to show that there was something more in the Delaware claim than a mere fabrication. The truth appears to be that the arrangement was one of those strokes of subtle policy for which the Iroquois were noted. The Delawares, as many indications show, had been vanquished by the Five Nations and reduced to extremity. While they were in this state, their lives were spared by their conquerors, and a certain amount of freedom granted to them, on condition that they should give up their arms, and employ the great influence which their nation possessed, as the acknowledged head of the Algonkin family, in keeping the other tribes of that restless and warlike race on terms of amity with the Iroquois people. In point of fact, from the time this arrangement was made, the tribes from whose inroads the Five Nations had suffered the most, the Mohicans, Shawnees and Ojibways, remained quiet; and the only enemies with whom the Iroquois had still to carry on hostilities were the Canadian Indians, and the distant Catawbas and Cherokees.

These references will suffice to show the historical interest of Dr. Brinton's volume. Scholars will appreciate the scientific value of the Walam Olum, and of the introduction and notes with which the author has illustrated this remarkable record. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the industrious research and the excellent judgment which distinguish the work, and which cannot fail to make it a leading authority in Indian ethnology.

H. H.

RECENT BANK ARCHITECTURE IN PHILADELPHIA.

PERHAPS the most notable of the buildings which have recently been erected in this city are those belonging to certain well-known banks and banking firms which, imbued with the spirit of the present age, have resolved to inhabit quarters more handsome than their old ones. Prominent among these are the building of Drexel & Co., on the corner of Fifth and Chestnut; that of the Independence National Bank adjoining it; the National Bank of the Republic, upon the north side of Chestnut between Third and Fourth; and the Penn National Bank, at the southwest corner of Seventh and Market. These four buildings are all of palatial appearance, most substantial construction, and original design, but so widely do they differ in detail that the student of architecture will in vain endeavor to find in them the rudiments of a modern style. The Drexel building adheres most closely to familiar forms. Externally it is a comparatively undecorated structure, divided into two stories by as many tiers of columns. At the angles are narrow pavilions crowned with pediments; in front is a slightly projecting portico, supported by polished granite columns, and surmounted by a wide semicircular window, and along the side are ranged coupled columns separated

by immense semicircular-headed windows. The material is white marble, which, in the interest of good taste, is left unpolished. Internally the greater part of the structure (which stands upon a lot 105 feet long by 55 feet 8 inches wide), is one great hall lighted entirely from one side and one end—the ceiling being throughout of arches of glazed brick. The greatest fault of the structure, from an artistic standpoint, is the discrepancy between the outside and the inside. From the time when architects began to study the ruins of the Acropolis until now, the world has been favored with any number of Greek pseudo-temples, in which an order of one story has masked two or more internal stories. The Drexel building reverses this. The grand hall asked for a grand order around its exterior, but was accommodated with two little orders, rendered more incongruous by the gigantic cathedral-like windows which separate the columns. It cannot be said that the interior is classical. The huge girders, boxed in fantastic casings, which cross the hall, are *sui generis*.

The adjoining building is in every way a contrast to the Drexel Bank, and was evidently intended so to be. The narrow façade is everywhere covered with carving, excellent in its kind, but losing all prominence through its universality. Sweet woman-busts with scale-covered breasts die into the trusses of the doorway; flowers and foliage cling alike to pier, column, arch, cornice, spandrel and panel. There is no plain spot upon which the eye can rest itself, save by taking refuge upon the adjoining buildings. As an example of the carver's art it is a great success, but it is altogether too toy-like to be architectural. The interior, like that of its neighbor, is one large hall, which is long and narrow, and lighted from the top. Adorned only with two carved bands and some mouldings, and well-lighted, this hall is much more chaste than the over-ornate exterior would lead one to expect. The warm cream-color of the Indiana sandstone of which this structure is built, is greatly in its favor—there is no question that its appearance is far superior to that of marble.

The National Bank of the Republic is of red brick with dressings of red stone. It is an odd building—no one ever saw the like—but it has the oddity of genius. Something in its chateau-like round turret, its stepped parapets and its fantastic corbeling suggests the age when the pointed arch commenced to give way before the inroads of the revival, and suggests also that its nearest allies may be found in Northwestern Europe, but the combination is strikingly original. Its massive details, and the ponderous iron-work of the grilles give an idea of strength and safety consonant with a bank, and its strong contrast in outline, detail and color with the adjoining structures compels the passer-by to stop and admire—or criticise, according to the bent of his taste. The lover of "pure styles" will not admire it, neither will the weak-minded modern pseudo-aesthete; the half-arch of the doorway, abutting upon the remnant of what develops upwards into a turret, would draw the condemnation of the former as surely as the ruggedness and strength of all the parts would disgust the latter. The interior of this bank is as striking as the exterior. Floor and dado are of tiles, and the walls above the white dado are colored red, contrasting sharply with the white stone of the screens at either end of the hall. On these screens there is some excellent naturalistic carving, and on the one nearest the entrance the peculiar feature of the half-arch occurs twice. The ceiling is crossed by a series of massive wooden girders of unique design.

The Penn National Bank is of granite, and may be described as modernized round-arched Gothic in style. Its chief adornment is obtained from the grouping and form of its openings, which it would be almost impossible to arrange more tastefully, or to make more varied yet harmonious in style.

Whatever may be thought of the taste of some of the new buildings of this city, all will agree that our architects are busily engaged in redeeming it from the charge of dull uniformity which was formerly brought against it. The young designer has now abundant material to choose from without a journey to Europe, and may also find examples of what not to do.

THE LONDON ART EXHIBITIONS.

LONDON, May 4, 1885.

THE one-hundred-and-seventeenth Exhibition of the Royal Academy opened to-day with the usual crowd in attendance. Since last year three new rooms have been added, and these have allowed an increase of two hundred and seventy-eight in the number of pictures hung, an increase more fortunate for the artists who hitherto have not been represented than for visitors to the Galleries. The most devoted student or conscientious critic of modern English art has most certainly ample opportunities just at present for its study. For in addition to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, there is that of the Grosvenor Gallery, while two water-color shows are being held in Piccadilly and Pall-Mall.

Not very long ago Mr. Edmund Gosse, writing about his American impressions and experiences, said that he had entertained very great hopes for the artfuture of the American people until he had seen the public buildings in Philadelphia. In like manner the American art critic in London who had looked forward to a coming greatness in English art, would at once lose all hopes on visiting the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. Gosse, one would think, might have reserved his melancholy misgivings for his own country. Nothing could be drearier than a walk through the eleven galleries of oil-paintings in the Royal Academy. The wonder is, first that so many bad canvases should have been hung, and then that so many people could have been gathered together to look at and admire them. Of course here and there one finds a pleasant oasis in the dreary wastes. But as a rule the few good pictures are by artists who cannot really be called Englishmen, who either like Mr. Tadema, are not English born, or else have lived and studied abroad so long that to all intents and purposes they have lost their nationality. Attention is naturally called first to the paintings that hang in the three principal places of honor. Of these, Mr. Alma Tadema's "A Reading of Homer" occupies the centre on the left of the great room, and is probably the most satisfactory picture in the Exhibition. It represents a marble balustrade against a glowing southern sea and sky. A young Greek sits reading a page of the "Iliad" or "Odyssey" to three men, one of whom lies on the marble pavement his head uplifted, and a young girl who leans forward with an expression of great interest. There are beautiful lines in the composition, notably that of the balustrade against the sky, though Mr. Tadema's critics usually find fault with his indifference to line. The technique is, as in all his work, wonderful, and even a French artist could have nothing but admiration for the rendering of the marble. The best of it is that Mr. Tadema does not paint so that one is conscious only of his technique, nor does he, like so many other artists—like Mr. Bridgman for example—impress one with the thoroughness with which he has studied archaeology. He makes the scene he represents so real to us that it seems as if he must have painted them actually from old Rome or Pompeii or the Greek town to which he takes us. And moreover he fills them with so much interest that as we look at them we forget to think how well they are painted. And here, speaking of beautiful lines, I may mention Mr. Hubert Herkomer's "Hard Times, 1885," in which a long road runs in lovely curves between brown hedges until it is gradually lost sight of in the distance, producing a peculiarly fine effect Mr. Herkomer has not led us to expect from him. Then there is Sir Frederick Leighton's "Phoebe," a portrait of a fair girl in a large hat, and with white drapery thrown over her shoulders. It is not very fine in color, but the pose is very graceful, and there are beautiful lines in the arrangement of the hair and hat and the sweep of the drapery.

The other two pictures which hold the places of honor with Mr. Alma Tadema's, are Mr. Orchardson's "The Salon of Mme. Récamier," and Mr. Millais's "His Ruling Passion." In the former we see one of the white and gold rooms in which Mr. Orchardson delights, furnished with the necessary supply of tables and chairs, a crimson *portiere*, and a lounge upon which reclines Mme. Récamier, whose position and expression make one wonder if indifference constitutes the charm of a good listener. She is surrounded by a group in which may be recognized Bernadotte, Talleyrand, Mme. de Staél, de Montmorenci, and Lucien Bonaparte. There is much rich color in this picture, some little skill, and a refined sense of the subject. As for Mr. Millais's "His Ruling Passion," if it were painted by an artist less well known and with slighter reputation it would be sufficient to dismiss it with contempt. But coming from Mr. Millais, whose work at one time certainly proved that he knew how to paint, one cannot pass it by without at least a word of wonder at his having fallen so low. In it he shows an old ornithologist lying on a couch, with a scarlet bird in his hand, and with several children grouped around him. The sickly sentimentality of the picture, which as his brother artists admit, appeals only to the ignorant susceptibilities of rich manufacturers, could not be redeemed by good painting, and this Mr. Millais apparently realized, for his work is as poor as his subject. His admirers themselves are forced to admit his increasing worldliness. I think it can be safely said that if the "Ruling Passion" had been sent to either the New York or the Philadelphia Academy, it would have been rejected without hesitation. Nothing could be a more convincing proof of the ignorance of the English public of the true principles of art than the exhibition in all seriousness of such pictures as this last of Mr. Millais's and the worse than chrono-like canvas, "The Miller and the Maid," of Mr. Macbeth's.

Amongst the portraits, by far the best is Mr. Sargent's of Lady Playfair, dressed in black with a yellow satin bodice. She stands by an old oak table on which the only ornament is a vase of yellow and brown chrysanthemums. It is full of strength and character.

You know it at once to be the portrait of a high-bred woman, just as you recognize Velasquez's Philip II. to be a king as soon as you look at him. This picture will undoubtedly increase Mr. Sargent's reputation. Another man, whose fame during the last year rested on his tremendous financial success in America,—i. e. Mr. Hubert Herkomer—has made a great advance in the portraits he now exhibits. Probably this is owing to his competition with Mr. Sargent and Mr. Frank Holl, whose portrait of Dr. Weir Mitchell is a fine realization of the man, and therefore a picture which must be of interest to all Philadelphians. Apart from this it contains good work. The pose is remarkably easy, and the textures are admirably rendered. Mr. Herkomer's "Miss Katherine Grant," a lady in white against a white background, is a difficult arrangement exceedingly well given. There is in it none of the *sloshiness* which has characterized so much of this artist's work. Other interesting portraits are Mr. Watt's "Miss Laura Gurney," a young lady in red dress and purple hat, which loses considerably in effect because of its flatness; Mr. Alma Tadema's "My Youngest Daughter," a girl in scanty gray skirts holding a vase of flowers, is somewhat stiff and with a background much more effective than the figure, though there is wonderful painting in the hands; and Mr. Grossmith's "Such is Life," the picture of a child in silk stockings and party dress, sitting after the party is over, with a torn sugar-plum paper in her hand. There is in this painting a good arrangement of color; the light coming through red lamp shades casts a reddish tinge over everything.

Of the other pictures which will attract attention, and which merit study, mention may be made of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "St. Eulalia," in which the body of the martyred virgin lies in the Forum, the miraculous snow falling upon it, and in which the artist gives wonderful foreshortening in the principal figure, and shows a careful and successful study of Mr. Alma Tadema's methods; Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes's "A Fish Sale on a Cornish Coast," which is strikingly cool and wet and liquid in effect, with admirable painting in the fish scattered on the beach in the foreground and in the figures in the middle distance; Sir Frederick Leighton's "Music," a figure which one feels at once would be seen to better advantage from a greater distance, since as it is, the color is so glaring as almost to counterbalance the beauty in the pose of the figure, so that altogether it does not seem so fine as Mr. Britten's figure which hangs in another room, and which is a charming decorative treatment of apple trees, beneath which children sit at regular intervals; Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Milton Visited by Andrew Marvell," is in the artist's usual pretty vein,—Milton and his daughter receiving their guests just outside of a little cottage, in whose doorway a maid bearing a tray appears,—but there is in all the faces the dirty greens which Mr. Boughton does not seem able to dispense with; Mr. William Lagodail's "The Pante Della Paglia" and "Oa d'Oro," which, however, are not quite so brilliant as his other Venetian work; Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Capri's House-tops," nice in color and cool in effect; Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "His Last Work," a little too sentimental perhaps, but well painted.

Besides the galleries of oil painting, there are two halls devoted to sculpture, a water-color room in which Mr. Alma Tadema's "Gold Room" is one of the most interesting pictures; a room of black-and-white work with etchings by Mr. Haden, Mr. Strong and Mr. Haig, and one drawing by Mr. Abbey; and a third set apart for architectural drawings.

At the Grosvenor gallery one finds this great advantage;—there are but four hundred and eighteen works of art to be looked at. There is but enough space here for a very short notice of this exhibition, so that it will be better perhaps to refer only to the best and most remarkable paintings. To begin with, Mr. Alma Tadema is well represented by four pictures. Two are portraits, and though one of these, "My Doctor" in which the physician's head is seen by the patient's bedside, is very striking, the others are much more interesting. The subjects are archaeological, and if they are not as important as his much larger canvas at the Royal Academy, they are equally beautiful. In one, called "Who is it?" a girl, tall and graceful, in flowing white drapery, looks over a marble wall beyond which and between the columns one sees a strip of blue sky; two other girls, one in green and one in brown, sit on the marble seat on either side. In "Expectations," a girl, in greenish white garments, rests on a lovely, round marble seat like those still to be seen in Pompeii; she is shading her eyes with her hand, for the whole picture is flooded with sunshine, and is looking towards the blue sea, on the shores of which, in the distance, is a little white town. Lovely pink blossoms show above the marble seat, and on its pavement pear trees throw delicate shadows. Both pictures are very small, but each is perfect in its way. Mr. Watts has his "Love and Life," the replica of which is so well known in the United States, that any further comment upon it seems unnecessary. Suffice it to say that its delicacy and refinement make it the most attractive feature of this year's exhibition. Not far from it are two charming little works of Miss

Dorothy Tennant's. Her "Cupid Disarmed" represents a girl quite nude, with reddish hair, sitting on the grass, with her arms around the little love-god, who has his back turned and who weeps disconsolately. On one side is a mass of brownish-green trees; on the other one sees a narrow stream of water as blue and rich as the sky above. "Truth at the Well" is the picture of another auburn-haired girl sitting on a well over which grows a rose bush, while in the background a tall green tree rises against a pure blue sky. These two tiny paintings are full of the loveliest, richest coloring, and are like two little Henners. Mr. Keeley Halswelle has two canvases which give the beautiful cloud effects of English and Scotch skies which he alone knows how to render satisfactorily. Mr. David Murray's "Twixt Croft and Creel" in which fishermen are spreading their nets on the grass, is full of the feeling of out-of-doors. Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "First Sprats of the Season" is nice and bright; Mr. George Clausen's "The End of a Winter Day," in which a man bearing on his back a bundle of fagots walks home in the twilight, the new moon just above him and one or two red streaks in the west, has good feeling in it; and Mr. Goodall's "Rockland Broad, Norfolk" is successfully gray and sad.

Many of the portraits exhibited are interesting, and more especially Mr. Holl's "The Late Lord Overstone," quiet and dignified in treatment and rich in coloring; Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Mrs. Waters," a lady in a red and gold gown against a decorative background; "Miss Lettie Wormald" and "Miss Marjorie Wormald" by the same artist, pictures of two little girls, treated in the same fine and striking decorative manner, and very much better as paintings than his large and ambitious "An Audience in Athens during the Representation of the Agamemnon," hung in the chief place of honor; Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. Mason," very strong and fine; Mr. Watts' "Mrs. Myers" a lady in red, leaning against a mass of flowers; and Mr. Lehman's "Robert Browning," a very much better portrait than that painted by the poet's son, which hangs near it.

Of the two water-color shows a mere word will here be added, in order that a more complete idea may be formed of what is going on in the English art-world. At the Royal Institute of Painters there are over a thousand pictures exhibited, including every variety of subject and treatment, from Mr. Linton's serious figure pieces to Mr. Nash's humorous conceptions. One of the works which is of special interest to Philadelphians is Mr. Abbey's "An Old Song," in which a girl sings the well known words to her gray-haired father and mother, who sit listening, hand in hand. It is full of fine sentiment and graceful coloring, but a little careless in drawing. There are fewer pictures in the galleries of the Royal Society, but quite as much variety. Sir John Gilbert, the President, is represented by "Banditti Gambling," in which however the figures are of less importance than the landscape. Mr. Stacy Marks has one of the very best pictures exhibited. He calls it "A Favorite Author," and shows a priest sitting at a table in his own room, reading with intense interest a book opened before him. It is painted in the most artistic manner. There are two figure pieces by Mr. Albert Moore, a not-over-successful portrait by Mr. Du Maurier; some London street scenes by Mr. Herbert Marshall; the usual Venetian sketches by Miss Clara Montalba; and much work of various degrees of excellence by Messrs. Collingwood, Davidson, Hunt, Worth, and Collingwood Smith.

E. R. P.

REVIEWS.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE BOOKS OF EZRA, NEHEMIAH AND ESTHER. By A. H. Sayce, M. A., Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. Pp. 134. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1885.

MR. SAYCE has essayed in this little book to discuss one of the most difficult of biblical problems. The return of the Jews from captivity, their hostilities with the Samaritans, the contradictory edicts of different kings, the overthrow of the Babylonian empire, the rise of the Persian, have all presented such a confused mass of facts and lacunae that to get at any sort of historical basis was as difficult a task as the creation of order out of chaos. That Mr. Sayce has done this would be perhaps too much to say, but he has succeeded in the main in giving a clear account of those stirring times. The most important facts lately gleaned concerning the overthrow of the Babylonian empire were contained in the Cyrus inscriptions brought some years ago to London by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam. The personal facts (which it would seem had been sufficiently emphasized in "Fresh Light from the Ancient Monuments") are, that Cyrus was an Elamite, not a Persian, for which reason Isaiah bids Elam and Media go up against Babylon, and that he was not a follower of Zoroaster but a polytheist, and regularly re-established the national religion in the countries which he conquered. His sending back of the Jews to their own country showed no special favor but was simply a reversal of the policy

of deportation adopted by the Assyrian and Babylonian kings and deemed by them effective in preventing revolts. The book of Ezra, our author thinks was written by one person, and he sees no reason to doubt that that person was "Ezra the scribe." Some of the details are of interest. Thus Rehum's title *Be' el te' em* translated in the authorized version as "chancellor" is, with a high degree of probability, correctly rendered by Mr. Sayce as "Postmaster." So too the word *daric* or *drachm* formerly considered a Persian word is now shown to be an Assyrian measure *dariku*. A similar solution for the strange Hebrew word *iggereth* "letter" does not help us much. It is easy to say that it is the Assyrian *egirtu*, but we are thus left as much in the dark as we were before. Prof. Sayce mentions the fact that after the Babylonian captivity the old Hebrew names of the months disappeared, they being replaced by the foreign names, and in the appendix he gives a list of the months (only 8 of which appear in the Bible) with their meanings. It is a pity that this statement should not have been drawn up with more care. *Nisan* is properly "month of opening" or beginning, and *Iyyar* "the bright;" "the month of brick-making" for *Sivan* it should have been remarked, rests not on any etymology of the Semitic word, but simply on the reading of the Akkadian ideogram. *Ab*, which is left unexplained, reads in Akkadian *pil pil gar* "making much heat" and its Semitic equivalent might be connected with Hebrew *'oyeb*, Assyrian *abu* "adversary," all of which would very well fit the month of July; "month of the spirit," for *Elul* is very doubtful. In Akkadian it means "the message of Istar." *Tishri* certainly means "beginning," just as *nisan* does, though Prof. Sayce makes it "month of the sanctuary." *Marscheshvan* which has occasioned so much discussion is "the eighth month." *Kislev* (which he also leaves unexplained) is in Akkadian *gan-gan-a* "the month of clouds."

That portion of the book which relates to Nehemiah is without doubt the weakest. That in all this talk about the Samaritans, a critic should not even look to the so-called "Songs of Degrees," really the songs of the *ma' alah*, the return from Babylon, is strange indeed. It is very probable that these dissensions with the Samaritans are referred to in Psalms 120, 123, 125 and perhaps 124. So too Graetz's brilliant conjecture that Psalm 127 was written as an attack on Nehemiah, who he says was a eunuch, while perhaps only partially true, might have, if duly considered, proved highly suggestive.

For the historical character of the book of Esther, Prof. Sayce wages a vigorous and not unsuccessful warfare. The Ahasuerus of the book he identifies with the great Xerxes, in Persian Khshayarsha, and then shows how the time which intervened between the divorce of Vashti and the marriage with Esther was occupied by the expedition to Greece. Mordecai and Esther (who was also named Hadassah, "myrtle"), are both Babylonian names. The former means "belonging to Merodach or Marduk" and the latter is Istar, the Babylonian Venus. Besides an index and an appendix on the names of the months there is also added a translation of the great inscription of Darius at the rock of Behistun. The question of the topography of Jerusalem is very properly approached with the reservation that the "controversies" "are not yet settled." The pool of Siloam however furnishes a good starting place and Dr. Guthe's views seem quite plausible, though it is not too much to say that discussion regarding Jerusalem has heretofore contained so much dogmatic assertion and so few facts that it is as yet in its infancy.

C. A.

POEMS OF THE OLD DAYS AND THE NEW. By Jean Ingelow. Pp. 229. 12mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

It is but seventy years since Mrs. Hemans opened the series of genuine English poetesses, with verse which had, as Mr. Carlyle said of it, "a thin vein of true poetry in it." Up to that time the highest flight of female verse was a bit of shabby sentiment of the Anna Matilda sort, a rhymed riddle, or a pious hymn of the Watts school. Since that the succession of inspired women singers has been much more than continuous. Mrs. Southey, Miss Landor, the Taylor sisters, Mrs. Norton, Mary Lamb, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, Dora Greenwell, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Augusta Webster, Christina Rossetti, Anna L. Waring, Miss Procter, Mrs. Muloch-Craig, Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, Mrs. C. F. Alexander, Miss Winkworth and Miss F. E. Cox, and others whose names at this moment escape us, make up a list that their sex may be proud of.

Of all these are but three,—Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti and George Eliot,—whose work can be ranked above that of Miss Ingelow in its entire effectiveness, while hers has qualities of its own which give it a unique place in English literature. It is much easier to feel than to define the charm of her song. She has not the passion of Mrs. Browning nor the lofty concentration of Miss Rossetti, nor the wide range of human interest of George Eliot. She makes one think of bright and sunny corners of her own country, where old time manners live, and the gentry are

"quality," and the parson is a power in the land, and the hedge rows are white with hawthorn blossoms, and the air full of church chimes that fill the head with old memories. And in the midst of all moves a gentle lady singing a strain full of womanly tenderness and refinement, with a true poet's eye for the beauty in the world without, and the pathos and tenderness in the human world that moves in slow ways around her. And she literally sings; the texture of her verse is musical. She belongs to a generation that has caught the cadences of the old English poets, and that owes to Lamb and Coleridge the knowledge that the technique of verse is a matter for study and slow mastery.

The present volume, we infer both from the title and from the prefatory verses to the American reprint by Susan Coolidge, is an addition to her already published works from both her earlier and her later compositions. There is no indication in the volume itself as to which class each poem belongs to. This we think a mistake. If there is one thing a poet owes to his readers it is the date that helps them to see the place each poem holds in his mental development. In Miss Ingelow's case, as Mrs. Coolidge beautifully says in her verses, there is a marked and important process of development. There is a deepening of womanhood in her song, a freer and larger entering into the sorrows of her kind, an expansion of that sympathy which is woman's truest intellectual strength. It is true that a close and careful reader might be able to locate every poem in its proper place in the chronology. But we confess we have been puzzled to do so. *Darus sum, non Edipus!* And the want of just this indication has taken something from our enjoyment of the book.

But after all deductions, there is in these two hundred and thirty pages so much that ministers to genuine enjoyment, that it is ungracious to grumble. There is the same breath of an old-world life that stirs in us dormant recollections, because our fathers lived it and it got worked into the blood; there is the same atmosphere of the fresh, wholesome English landscape, which you can enjoy without fear of malaria or mosquitoes, and whose natural fragrances and harmonies beggar our richer land. There is the same human material, from the parson who shoots over his people's heads, to the blind fiddler, whose songs are not always to the parson's liking. There is the same blending of the idyllic with the lyric, and the same love for a little of fairy-land's mystery with the prose of everyday life. The worst fault is a lack of the concentration we find in her rivals for the first place among English singers of her sex.

A MARSH ISLAND. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Pp. 292. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1885.

This second of Miss Jewett's more extended undertakings in fiction is scarcely equal, we think, to "A Country Doctor," and yet very worthy to be placed with it; and by this we mean to express very cordial praise. For there is so free, so true, and so pure a tone in all Miss Jewett's work that anything less than this would be both ungracious and unjust. When one who writes so well, one whose hand is that of so true an artist, chooses to make her art sweet and refreshing, she is surely the creditor of her age. We are summoned at each turn to condone, for art's sake, what otherwise we should never excuse, and the opportunity to enjoy that which is well done in every sense deserves a frank acknowledgement.

That this book is second in rank to her first one we find in the fact that it has a somewhat simpler theme, and is rather less dramatic and forceful. The figure of the "Country Doctor" was strongly drawn, making the whole canvas one of vigor, and while *Doris*, in this, is a fine woman, an honest, true, sweet character, she is less picturesque than her predecessor. The story in this is not elaborate at all. A farmer's family on the New England coast receive as a "summer traveler," an artist, *Richard Dale*, and the question is whether he and *Doris*, the daughter of the house, shall be lovers, or not. If they should be, that opens the door of the new life of the young girl in one direction—that of a life amongst city people, art, "culture," and all that; while, if she remains in her own groove, and accepts *Dan Laster*, the blacksmith, who has been her wooer, it is the maintenance of the simple quiet existence in which we find her. What the decision is, we shall not say, here, it being sufficient to indicate the nature of the plot. Aside from its main thread, the chief interest of the book lies in its thoroughly sympathetic study of rural life, and its descriptions of rural nature. The characters of the old farmer, *Israel Owen*, and his wife, and their "help," *Temperance*, are admirably drawn. Here is a little passage:

"My father's brothers and my mother's folks all followed the sea," said Israel Owen presently, "and I think my boy had it in him, for all I dwelt so much upon having had him spared to be at home with me."

The listener turned his head, as if eager to know the rest of the story.

"Killed in the war,—all the boy I ever had," was the response. "Only twenty-one, he was, the April before he died in July. Shot dead, so he didn't suffer any, so far as we know. He's laying out here in the orchard, alongside the rest of the folks. I went out South and fetched him home to the old place. I've been thinking ever since I saw you that you favor him in your looks: there's something about your forehead and eyes, and the way your hair grows. I'll show you a likeness of him in the morning: 'tis a rough thing that was taken in camp, that he sent home to me. There are some other pictures that his mother keeps, taken younger, but I seem to set the most by mine."

"That was his sword in the room I am to sleep in?" asked Dale, filled with pity, and understanding the pathetic smile of this apparently prosperous man.

"Yes. The folks thought they ought to have it down in the best room, but I didn't seem to want to. That was always his bedroom, and there are some other things there that belonged to him, and I like to keep 'em together. He was first lieutenant, when he was shot. There were two girls between him and Doris, but they died very small. Doris is—I couldn't get along without her, nohow; but there'd been an Is'r'l Owen on the farm for near two hundred years, and now there'll never be another. I ain't a sound man, myself, so I wasn't out in the army; but I never felt so cheap in my life as I did the forenoon I see Is'r'l marchin' by, and the rest of 'em. I never got no such news as when I heard he was shot. I've kep' the farm goin', and stood in my lot an' place the best I could, but I tell you it took the heart right out o' me."

BRIEFER NOTICES.

MR. Kate Brownlee Sherwood's poems of the War of the Rebellion are among the best of the compositions of that class we have. It is rather strange that the body of that work is no fuller or finer than it is, but a consideration of that subject would take us too far from our present purpose. It is certain that Mrs. Sherwood's poetry has a very sturdy and lasting ring, and the volume which Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. of Chicago have issued ("Camp-Fire, Memorial Day, and other Poems") deserves a steady place among rebellion records. Some of the best of these verses, such as "The Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge," "Fall in," and "The Black Regiment at Port Hudson," may rank deservedly with the war poems of Whittier, Boker, Bayard Taylor and Mrs. Howe. They are vivid, spirited, touched with true feeling and elaborated with no little art. The miscellaneous poems which form a second section of the book are inferior to the war lyrics, but offer a pleasant contrast to them. Mrs. Sherwood is hardly a professional writer; she was inspired by the wonderful activity of the days she celebrates, as many another sympathetic spirit was, but she has stood the test of time better than most.

Messrs. Dodd Mead & Co. have made a happy hit with their "Tales from Many Sources." The third volume which is before us, is as bright as either of its predecessors. The best of the stories are "The Professor and the Harpy," which describes an English adventuress, much in the style of Trollope; "Queen Tita's Waggoner," an agreeable little love story by William Black; "The Rock Scorpions," a capital tale about Gibraltar smuggling; and—perhaps the cleverest of all—"The Lay Figure,"—a Hoffman-ish sort of thing, very pleasant, even humorous, to read under a tree or with cheerful surroundings, but a thing to be shunned at a solitary midnight. An effort should be made to give the credit of authorship to all these admirable tales. Out of eight stories in the present volume, the names of two authors only are given, Mr. Black and Mr. Shorthouse. The material is all foreign, but credit could be given by the taking of some trouble—and it ought to be taken.

"Troubled Waters," by Mr. Beverley Ellison Warner, is a novel which started out with "a purpose" to show equally the viciousness of trade union demagogueism and the heartlessness of capital. But the young author (we cannot err in calling him young, nor in styling "Troubled Waters" a first book), speedily found his theme too much for him, and subsided into the easier task of narrating the quite ordinary doings of a double pair of lovers. Mr. Warner shows a certain facility in writing, but we cannot in conscience commend his book. It is hurried, formless, altogether lacking in the spirit of true art. The original scheme is confessedly a failure, and being so, why need the author have troubled the world with it? This is a lesson writers find it hard to learn, yet it does not appear to be a difficult one. But Mr. Warner has so much of the knack of piquant and thoughtful expression, that we incline to believe that with care and study—which includes throwing away or working over admitted mistakes—he might yet write a novel worth reading. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

A novel of a very different order from the foregoing is E. Oswald's "Vain Forebodings," also issued by the J. B. Lippincott Co. This is one of the long series made so pleasantly familiar to us by

the admirable translations of Mrs. A. L. Wister, and it is one of the best of them. It is a domestic German tale, quite void of sensationalism or unclean passion of any kind, but which steadily maintains a real if placid interest. The writer excels in descriptive power, and we have not lately encountered anything more genuinely delightful than the series of sweet pictures of German country life to be found in this book. "Vain Forebodings" is a capital summer book—and a good book to keep when summer is over.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DISENCHANTMENT. By Edgar Evertson Saltus. Pp. 233. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)

ZOROASTER. By F. Marion Crawford. Pp. 269. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)

BIRDS IN THE BUSH. By Bradford Torrey. Pp. 300. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE RUSSIAN REVOLT: ITS CAUSES, CONDITION AND PROSPECTS. By Edmund Noble. Pp. 269. \$1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.)

VLADIMIR; A POEM OF THE SNOW. Malczewski. Pp. 46. \$0.25. New York: Howard Lockwood.

TOWN GEOLOGY: THE LESSON OF THE PHILADELPHIA ROCKS. Studies of Nature Along the Highways and Among the Byways of a Metropolitan Town. By Angelo Heilprin. Pp. 142. With Maps and Illustrations. \$2.25. Philadelphia: Published by the Author. 1885.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. MONTGOMERY AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN:

PERMIT me a word on the opposition which you and many of your Republican contemporaries offer to the selection of Mr. Zachary Montgomery as the legal adviser of the Interior Department. I am a Republican, I believe in common schools, and hope to see them extended to every part of the country. I have no acquaintance with Mr. Montgomery, and no interest in the man. But I am interested when I find that Mr. Montgomery's unfavorable estimate of our public school system is treated as disqualifying him from holding public office. I had understood that "honesty, efficiency and faithfulness to the constitution" were all that we asked of any man. That Mr. Montgomery is all these has not been denied. If Mr. Montgomery were a disbeliever in education, or thought that a republic could exist without an intelligent people, I should have nothing to say for him. But this position is not taken in any of the quotations I have seen from his speeches and pamphlets. He believes in education, but not—as you and I do—in education at public expense and under State control.

Our common school system is not a part of our constitutional system of law. Schools are not named in either the Constitution or its several amendments. The national government has no immediate relations with them, as they are the creatures of the States. In most parts of the country they are of very recent origin. Their introduction into Pennsylvania was due largely to the efforts of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and a few others of the same sort, managed to be pretty good Americans, without having discovered that education is a State affair. I find that more than one estimable and public spirited citizen, who has seen both the old school system and the new, is of the opinion that we have lost about as much as we gained by the change. Are these gentlemen to be debarred from uttering their minds on this question for the direction of the public? Or are they to be disqualified from holding office if they speak out?

You say that the Bureau of Education is in the Interior Department, and that to Mr. Montgomery will be entrusted the interpretation of the laws in regard to it. Permit me to call your attention to the fact that the Bureau does not do anything whatever for the public schools as such. It collects their statistics as it collects those of the colleges, universities, training schools for the blind, and the like. It has not a penny to spend on them, nor the opportunity to render them any especial service. And it never has construed its work as excluding any educational agency of any kind. That the public schools fill so large a part of its reports, is due simply to the fact that they form so large a part of our educational machinery.

I have watched with some amusement and also with some concern the growing disposition to erect our public school system into an article of faith. I see that we are setting up a new clergy in America—a hierarchy carefully graded into the several degrees of influence and power. And I find that this hierarchy has friends

who are as jealous of its *prestige* as it is itself. But I hope you will be willing to deal as fairly with heretics as the persecuting hierarchies of the past have done. Define exactly the ceremony of incense-throwing by which they are to conform to the new State religion. Or draw up the exact article of faith they are to subscribe to. And draw up the canons by which the penalties of heresy are defined, that the sinner may know what he has to expect. Poor Mr. Montgomery probably did not know that he was committing any serious offence when he plunged into this discussion. He had not been forewarned, as Mr. Keiley must have been of the consequences of his incontinence of speech. Be more fair to the heretics of the future than you have been to him, and believe me,

Yours, etc.,

ORTHODOX.

PHILADELPHIA, June 2, 1885.

[We think we can afford our correspondent such and so much information as his case really requires in a few words. The offence of Mr. Montgomery is that he shows himself unfaithful to the principle of popular education. As it is conceded that liberty cannot be built upon ignorance, it becomes the duty of every American to cherish as he would any other vital feature of his national interests the promotion of the public intelligence, and it was long ago plainly perceived that this could not be left to individual effort, churches, charity or chance. It is a public concern, and it must be a public work. It is as near to the corner-stone of American freedom as one stone can be to another. Mr. Montgomery, however, strikes at it—and not in a merely critical, or *doctrinaire* or *dilettanti* manner, but most angrily. He assails the whole work of the public schools, root and branch. He is therefore out of line with a cardinal principle of the republic. If he be right, the country is wrong. He might with substantially as much propriety, denounce our form of government, and demand a monarchy. He is not, in the judgment of the present writer, qualified to hold office, and, as it was expressed in THE AMERICAN a week ago, he is scarcely fit, if fit at all, for citizenship. It would be ruled, we think by any sound American tribunal, that an alien applying for naturalization who should declare his hostility to public schools, and his purpose to assail them, was unsuitable, (whether legally eligible under present laws, or not), for admission as a citizen. His "faithfulness to the Constitution" would be hollow and worthless, if he intended to be an enemy of the Constitution's moral guarantees.

That the legal adviser of the Interior Department will have nothing to do for the Bureau of Education cannot be, we presume, asserted with entire confidence. This bureau is in that department, and this enemy of public schools will provide legal rulings for the bureau, if any occasion should arise. And a most grotesque and strange situation it is that this should be possible! When sheep are placed in charge of wolves, and the oversight of a bank vault is given to a "cracksman," the observer may well wonder.—ED. THE AMERICAN.]

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett has almost ready a new novel, "The Confessions of Claude."—A popular fifty cent edition of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's earliest and best story, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," will be published at once by Messrs. Scribner. This book remains one of the most vigorous and powerful stories ever produced by an American writer.—Miss Blanche Willis Howard is engaged on a new novel of the time and scenes of the Franco-German war, entitled "Aulnay Towers."

Mr. Ruskin has now definitely resigned his Slade Professorship; but it is stated he will give the two remaining lectures of his course on "The Pleasures of England," some time this term, "only to his private pupils, and such others as will listen with becoming reverence."

Miss Grace Lord a well-known translator of French works, was killed in Boston on the 25th inst. by the fall of a derrick in the street. Miss Lord worked chiefly under the *non de plume* of "Virginia Champlin." She was about 40 years of age.

Messrs. Porter & Coates will publish this month a new "Elementary Physiology," with special reference to the effects of alcohol and tobacco, by Richard J. Dunglison, M. D.; a new and revised edition of the "Children's Book of Poetry," compiled by Henry T. Coates; and a new edition of Smith's "Bible Dictionary," edited by Peloubet.

Dr. A. de Watteville contributes to the *Lancet* notices of several cases of the cure of "writer's cramp," effected by the combined application of massage, gymnastics, and caligraphic exercises.

A retired business man of Chicago has published a volume, upon which he has been engaged for four years, containing the Lord's Prayer printed in 180 languages, ancient and modern. The characters of the languages are employed in almost every instance.

A movement is reported to be afoot for the co-operation of a number of publishing firms in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, under the name of The Aldine Publishing Company, to publish books in such styles and at such prices as successfully to compete with and drive out of the market the books of the so-called "pirate" publishers.

The English works of Raja Ram-Mohun-Roy, the first and greatest reformer of modern India, have at last been collected and are to be published in Calcutta.

A new semi-monthly, whose purpose is indicated in its title, is announced, to be called *Good Housekeeping*. Marion Harland, Rose Terry Cooke and Miss Parloa have promised their co-operation in the scheme.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will begin in June the publication of a collection of Summer novels to be known as the "Riverside Paper Series." The books "will be printed from excellent type and will be most attractive in external appearance." Hardy's "But Yet a Woman,"—now in its 20th thousand—leads off the series, and is followed by "Missy," by The author of Rutledge, Aldrich's "Stillwater Tragedy," Holmes's "Elsie Venner," and others, some of which are new to the public.

A new book of travel, "Russian Central Asia," is by Henry Lansdell, author of "Through Siberia," and is to be published immediately. Another important volume of the same class is Trom-holt's "Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis," a record of travel in Lapland. Both books are fully illustrated. They are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Harriet Jay, the actress, and the author of "The Queen of Connaught," will shortly publish another novel entitled "A Marriage of Convenience."

A number of Goethe's posthumous writings, released from obscurity by the recent death of his grandson, will soon be published.

Twenty-five thousand dollars is said to have been the price paid by the English publishers for the copyright of General Gordon's diary. It will not fill more than one ordinary volume.

M. Zola, in his preface to the French translation of Mr. Moore's book, "A Mummer's Wife," intends to give a complete history of the naturalistic movement in Russia, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Holland. The novelist is in correspondence with different literary men in all these countries, and has received from them information on all the points he wishes to touch on. The English novel will come in for the lion's share of criticism.

Messrs. Aulme & Hornblower, authors of the plan for the National Library and Museum at Dublin, which obtained a second prize, have devised, it would appear, a new method of keeping books in order, which, if found upon trial to be successful, would greatly diminish the number of attendants necessary in a large library. "The heating pipes," they say, in their description of the plan in the *Building News*, "are all fixed in the basement, and the hot air ascending through the floors keeps the books in order." The *Nation* thinks it is strange that such a remarkable, one might almost say astounding, invention should not have won them the first prize.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have about ready the second volume of McMaster's "History of the People of the United States." The period covered by it is from 1790 to 1804, including the administrations of Washington, Adams, and the first term of Jefferson.

G. P. Putnam's Sons add to their previous announcements for the early summer: "New York and The Conscription of 1863," a chapter in the history of the Civil War, by Gen. James B. Fry; "Our Sea-Coast Defences," by Lieut. Eugene Griffin, U. S. A.—the first volume in a new series entitled, Military Monographs; "The American Caucus System: Its Origin, Purpose, and Utility," by Geo. W. Lawton, and "The Science of Business: A Study of the Principles Controlling the Laws of Exchange," by Roderick H. Smith, both in the series of "Questions of the Day"; in fiction, "A Social Experiment," by A. E. P. Searing, "A New England Conscience," by Belle C. Green, and a popular edition of Miss Green's "A Strange Disappearance."

Mr. Charles Peabody's book, "English Journalism and the Men who have made it," is about to be published in phonography by Mr. Isaac Pitman.—"Rogues and Vagabonds," a series of social sketches by Mr. George R. Sims, the English dramatist, and author of "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," will be issued immediately.—"A Classified Collection of English Proverbs," with their equivalents in nine European languages, by Mrs. Mowat of Bucharest, is in the press of Mr. Elliot Stock, London.

Messrs. Bentley & Son, London, have put into circulation a new novel by "Basil" entitled "A Coquette's Conquest."—Mr. Nanville Fenn is engaged upon a new serial story for *Cassell's Saturday Journal* which will appear early this month under the title of "A Thief in the Candle."—Mr. Lawrence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London," promises to prove a handy little guide book. It will run from "Addison" to "Young." Apparently there exists no other book of the same kind.

The July *Atlantic* will contain a long poem by Whittier, and the first number of a series of papers on travel in the South, called "On Horseback."

Dr. Newman Smyth's "Sermons for Working Men" have been reprinted from *The Andover Review*, and appear in pamphlet form at a low price. The subjects are "The Claims of Labor," "Use and Abuse of Capital," and "Social Helps."

"A Narrative and Critical History of America" is to be issued under the editorship of Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University, and the advice of Dr. Francis Parkman, the Honorable R. C. Winthrop, Drs. George Ellis, Charles Deane, and W. Torrey. The work will aim at being a complete and exhaustive history of the American continent, covering prehistoric times and the early explorations, the settlements and contests, the rise of the North American settlements into the thirteen original colonies, their development, etc. The work will be in eight volumes.

"A Marsh Island," by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, is already in its fourth thousand.—"The Philosophy of Disenchantment" is the title of a new book on pessimism by Edgar Evertson Saltus, already favorably known as the author of a little volume about Balzac.—Bret Harte's book of new stories "By Shore and Sedge," will be ready immediately.

General Grant has dedicated his autobiography "to the officers and soldiers engaged in the War of the Rebellion, and also those engaged in the War in Mexico."—Mr. Benson J. Lossing's "History of New York City" has been completed and is now being delivered to subscribers.—Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, a sister of President Cleveland, has written a volume of essays which Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls will publish.—The hitherto unpublished papers and letters of Thackeray which are to appear this year will be published in America by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Spanish department of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. has grown to such an extent that it has been found advisable to issue a special descriptive and illustrated "Catalogo Espanol."—The success attending the publication of the cheap series of French plays known as the "Theatre Contemporain," has encouraged the publisher, Wm. R. Jenkins, New York, to begin a Spanish series at the same price (25 cents) to be known as the "Teatro Espanol." The first number, "La Independencia," by Don Manuel de los Herreros, has just been issued.

SPRING'S THE TIME.¹

VIOLETS in the hazel copse,
Bluebells in the dingle;
Birds in all the green tree-tops
Joyous songs commingle.
Phyllis through the flowery ways
Strays from dawn till gloaming;
Oh, the happy, breezy days!
Spring's the time for roaming.

In the budding of the year,
In the daisied meadows,
Where the brooklet ripples clear
Through the willow shadows,
Corydon, among his sheep,
Sees fair Phyllis roving,
Feels a rapture new and deep—
Spring's the time for loving!

Merry moments swiftly pass,
Corydon and Phyllis
Wand'ring through the dewy grass,
Through the daffodillies.
In the woodlands faint and far
Tender doves are cooing;
Flocks and fields forsaken are—
Spring's the time for wooing!

Amber cowslips fresh and sweet,
As a first love-token,
Corydon at Phyllis' feet
Lays—no word is spoken.
Oh, you brooklet! dance along,
Whirling, dimpling, spinning;
Babble out your sunshine song—
Spring's the time for winning!

W. C. GILLINGTON.

NOTES ON PERIODICALS.

THE Magazine of American History, for June, has, with other interesting contents, a good sketch, with portraits and other illustrations, of Charles O'Conor, contributed by Judge C. P. Daly; and a paper descriptive of Lehigh University, at Bethlehem, with details of the career of Judge Asa Packer, its founder, by Davis

¹Cassell's Family Magazine for June.

Brodhead. This is embellished by numerous views of the different buildings of the University. Mr. Brodhead states that "the total amount Judge Packer gave from time to time to this University is about two and a half millions of dollars." By the increase of this, "though judicious investments, and by the large share of the estate which will eventually come to the University on the expiration of the various trusts created by Judge Packer's last will and testament, it will be one of the wealthiest institutions in the country." The article is disfigured by the intimation,—amounting to a substantial assertion,—that when Judge Packer was a candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, in 1869, he was fraudulently "counted out." This is not a historical fact, and probably not a fact at all,—and has no proper place in such a repository as the *Magazine*.

Dr. Persifor Frazer contributes to the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, for June, an article on the New Orleans Exposition, particularly describing the scientific and industrial specialties, but referring to many features of the affair in a decidedly piquant style. His impressions of the display made by Pennsylvania are not favorable, and he thinks the prominence given to an album of portraits of some of the State's present and past officials almost disproportionate to the effort made to present an idea of her products in the industrial and arts.

The second issue (June,) of Mr. E. A. Barber's *Museum* contains a paper by Dr. D. G. Brinton, on "The Symbol of the Cross in America," and a biographical sketch, with portrait, of Prof. E. D. Cope, by Prof. Thos. G. Gentry. The several departments,—Natural History, Archaeology, Mineralogy, Philately, Numismatics, etc.,—contain many interesting paragraphs for students and collectors.

The war papers in the June *Century* relate to the Peninsular campaign, especially the battle of Gaines's Mills, and while the topic itself is not very cheerful for northern readers, their depression will scarcely be relieved much by the fact that the three principal writers are Gen. J. D. Imboden, Gen. D. H. Hill, and Gen. Fitz-John Porter.

Mr. Howells contributes a good share to the June *Century* in his instalment of "Silas Lapham," and his paper, admirably illustrated by Mr. Pennell, on Florence. As to the former, it seems a trying experience for his readers that they are obliged to explain for themselves why young Mr. Corey fell in love with *Penelope*. As a rule, a sympathetic reader, following the hero of the story, fixes his affection duly on the heroine, but in this case there has been no sufficient reason shown for it, and the same amazement which overspread all their friends and associates upon learning the fact, is shared to a considerable extent by those to whom the author renders his description of it. *Penelope* may be so fine a person that we shall in time form a great passion for her, but up to this mark in the history, *Irene*, as Mrs. Corey supposed when her son began his explanations, has had decidedly the more attractiveness, even if it be of rather a superficial sort.

ART NOTES.

THE Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art closed for the season with appropriate ceremonies on Tuesday last. The principal Professor L. W. Miller, made a very gratifying annual report, showing the progress of the school, the increasing attendance, the important extension of facilities, the addition of three new departments, with competent teachers and adequate equipment of machinery, tools, etc. The promise for the coming school year was also referred to as eminently encouraging. The manufacturers of the city and the state are taking an appreciative interest in the work of the school, especially in the teaching of applied design, and are establishing a considerable endowment fund to further advance this branch of technical education. Some twenty prizes in money and free scholarships were awarded to the pupils for good work contributed to the several competitions, and certificates of proficiency were given to advanced students in several departments. The class rooms were filled with exhibits of school work during the year, examples of drawing, modeling, wood-carving, etc., together with designs for various decorative purposes, for furniture, wall-papers, carpets, oil-cloths, dress goods and other fabrics, many of which were carried out through the processes of manufacture in the workshops of the school. The practical value of the course of instruction is evidenced by the fact that a number of these designs have been adopted by manufacturers, and will presently be put on the market. The annual address to the students was made by Mr. George C. Lambdin. In the course of his remarks the orator incidentally but earnestly advocated the consolidation of the several art schools in Philadelphia, which are all devoted to substantially the same ends, and the formation of one united institution on a solid and adequate foundation.

Mr. Jas. B. Sword publishes this week, through Messrs. Gebbie & Co., a portfolio of "American Sporting Scenes," reproductions by the photo-collotype process of oil paintings. The series includes ten pictures, namely, "The Retriever," "Florida Snipe Shooting," "Prairie Chicken Shooting," "Quail Shooting," "Woodcock Shooting," "Rail Shooting," "Duck Shooting," "Ruff Grouse Shooting," "Beach Bird Shooting," and "Dead Game," beside an illustrative title page. The scenes are careful field studies, with characteristic landscape, and are faithful as well as picturesque representations, replete with animation and interest. Mr. Sword intends to spend the summer at his place on Canonicut Island, opposite Newport, and will devote the season to seaside sketching in that vicinity. His large picture, entitled, "Newport Harbor," recently mentioned in THE AMERICAN as attracting favorable notice in New Orleans, was awarded a diploma by the Art Jury of the Exposition.

Mr. Prosper L. Senat will close his studio on or about the 25th inst., and during the early summer will make his headquarters at Quogue, on the Long Island shore. In the autumn he will return to his favorite haunts on the coast of Maine. In the recent press announcements of Mr. Senat's marriage engagement, an error appeared respecting the name of his fiancee which should be corrected. The lady is Miss Gibbs, formerly of Chelten Hills, Montgomery county, Pa.

Mr. F. deBourg Richards will remove with his family in a few days, to his cottage at Anglesea, on the New Jersey coast. He has a studio there especially constructed for study of the sea and shore in all weather, rain and shine, fair or foul, and he will take advantage of this unusual opportunity to make notes of effects rarely to be secured.

Mr. Richards is one of the prime movers in the Philadelphia Art Union, and continues to devote effective attention to the interests of that association. The annual meeting of the subscribers was held this week at the Academy of the Fine Arts, and the following named managers were elected for the ensuing year: John Baird, F. de B. Richards, John Sartain, Geo. W. Hall, Edwin E. Simpson, Isaiah Price, Elizabeth Croasdale, Eliza H. Schofield, Sara C. Pennypacker, M. Richards Muckle, Professor W. A. Porter, Professor Edwin J. Houston, William T. Donaldson, George T. Hobbs and Stephen J. Ferris.

Something of a sensation has been occasioned in London by a piece of vandalism at the Royal Academy, which cannot, so far, be accounted for. Between fifty and sixty pictures have been damaged by scratching, as if with a bodkin, though some of the marks are broader, and might have been made with a nail. The injuries are in most cases slight, and many of the pictures have been retouched by the artist, but in some cases the canvas has been frayed, rendering restoration difficult, if not impossible. How so much mischief could have been accomplished, and what purpose could have inspired the perpetrator of the deed are questions which the authorities of the Academy are vainly trying to solve. There is no indication of special spite in the work, and no other hint to direct inquiry. Among the conspicuous sufferers are Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Millais, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Orchartson, Mr. Harry Wood, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Eyre Crowe, Mr. Calderon, Mr. J. D. Linton, and a number of other leading artists. No exclusive attention, however, was given to great men or to valuable paintings, the works of less known artists and pictures of no particular merit getting a full share of the damage. The London *Daily News* inclines to the opinion that the work must have been done by a lunatic, but how an insane patient could have been allowed to go through the Royal Academy slashing at pictures in every gallery, is as much a mystery as that originally involving the strange occurrence.

It unfortunately happens that one of the important pictures seriously injured is owned in America, and loaned to the painter for exhibition. It is insured by the Royal Academy, but the policy does not cover an act of vandalism so wanton and unprecedented. It becomes a question of interest to picture owners as to where the loss is to fall. It is doubtful whether or not the Academy can be held responsible under the circumstances, but surely neither the artist nor the owner ought to suffer.

Mr. Geo. W. Maynard, of New York, is engaged in designing tiles for the interior decoration of the Garrett mansion in Baltimore. To decorate construction is as legitimate work for an artist as to paint pictures and hang them in frames on the walls. That this work is not in greater demand in this country is probably due in part to our comparatively unsettled society and nomadic habits. Until within a recent period a costly work of art has been required to be a movable possession, but as fortunes are gradually established on a more substantial basis, family homes assume a correspondingly more permanent character, and people of wealth build beautiful houses instead of depending on beautifying them

after they are built. To secure the best results, the artist should work with the architect, the decoration being ordered in harmony with the construction. The artist should be satisfied with the plan of the building, and the architect should know what his walls are to look like when finished. The painter will be quick to learn what is required if the opportunity is afforded, and the sample set by Mr. Maynard, Mr. LaFarge, Mr. Tiffany and others, will be followed by the brethren of the brush as fast as the demand extends.

Mrs. Hooper, writing from Paris of the Salon, says: "I am pleased to learn that a number of the American pictures have already been sold, and amongst these are numbered Charles Sprague Pearce's 'Love's Sorrows,' and Miss Strong's 'Waiting for the Master.' Bouguereau's beautiful 'Byblis' was sold before the Salon had been open a week, and could have been disposed of half a dozen times since. He said to a friend of mine a few days ago:—'I have not many years left me in which to work, for I mean to lay down my pencil and palette when I am sixty-five, and I was fifty-eight the other day.'

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.¹

THE French Academy of inscriptions and belles-lettres offers the Bordin prize in 1887 for the best treatment of the subject, "A critical examination of the geography of Strabo." Competitors are invited, 1, to review the history of the constitution of the text of the work; 2, to compare the language of Strabo with that of contemporaneous Greek writers, such as Diodorus Siculus, etc.; 3, to classify the original observations of Strabo, and segregate them from such as are merely quoted by him from other authorities; 4, to draw such definite conclusions as the above mentioned studies may suggest. The memoirs, under the usual conditions, should be deposited with the secretary of the academy at Paris by the 31st of December, 1886.

The fifth German geographical congress was held at Hamburg, April 9-11 last, under the auspices of a local committee.

The long series of experiments made during last summer and autumn at the South Foreland light, England, to test the respective merits of oil, gas, and electricity for lighthouse illumination, will shortly be reported. The result is strongly in favor of electricity. The electric light could be seen fourteen miles when the others were lost sight of at eight miles; and when the others were at a maximum power of ten miles, the electric light could be seen at fourteen and a half; and though its power is much diminished by fog, it is still superior to all other lights,—a point hitherto doubtful.

In consequence of the increase of shortsightedness, and the theories current as to its cause, a new departure in book-printing has been made in Holland, the letters being printed in dark blue on a pale green page. Messrs. Issleib of Berlin have also printed one of their latest publications in this manner, but the result is not wholly satisfactory.

Professor Kiessling of Hamburg has given especial attention to the famous sunset question, and during the past year has devised a number of experiments for illustrating the action of minute solid or liquid particles on sunlight, by which sky colors are produced. He has lately summarized his results in a pamphlet entitled "Die dämmerungserscheinungen im Jahre 1883 und ihre physikalische erklärung." Diffraction is considered the most important optical process that contributes to the result, as the dull reddish ring around the noonday sun, the horizon colors at sunset, and the purple and other glows half an hour later, are all ascribed to this action. The explanation of the purple and pinkish glows is especially apt and ingenious, and more to the point than any other solution of the question that has been presented. An important supplement to his pamphlet describes the construction of an apparatus designed to illustrate his explanations experimentally. He is a strong supporter of the volcanic origin of the particles on which the diffracting water-particles have condensed.

We learn from *Scandinavia* that Professor Falbe Hansen of the University of Copenhagen delivered recently a very interesting lecture upon the progress of Denmark in recent times, especially after the free constitution of 1848. During the last century, the yearly increase of the population was nearly 2,000; after 1840, 17,000. Copenhagen had, in 1840, 124,000 inhabitants, while it now has 330,000. The provincial towns rose in the number of inhabitants from 148,000 in 1848, to 304,000. Early in the century, at the accession of King Frederick VI., the national wealth could be computed at 530,000,000 crowns; in 1848, at the accession of Frederick VII., at 1,000,000,000; at his death in 1763, at 2,300,000; and now, at 4,000,000,000. Denmark cannot any longer justly be named, as formerly by the poet, "a poor little country."

DRIFT.

—Pollack are being caught now in the lower bay of New York. The pollack is a large fish, often running up to twenty pounds or more, a swift swimmer and very "game" on the hook. It is usually found on the codfishing grounds in deep water, and is there reckoned a nuisance. It has never before been caught in New York bay or seen there, and that is the queer thing about its appearance now. The pollack is regarded by the codfishermen as practically worthless. Its value by the pound, fresh, is almost nothing compared to codfish. But rumor has it that a good deal of the "salt codfish" sold in the market is made by salting down the unfortunate and despised pollack that run across the fisherman's hook.—*Hartford Courant*.

—The large yield of shad in the Hudson this year is attributed by the fish commission to the persistent stocking of the river since 1869. "There is no question," says the *Tribune*, "of the good work done by the commission. And yet Governor Hill vetoed the appropriation for its use this year."

—The present freshman class of Dartmouth College has, by an almost unanimous vote, decided to abolish the annual "cane rush."

—The Italians of Mulberry and Park streets are divided into two distinct sub-nationalities—Neapolitans and North Italians. Each regards the other with prejudice and suspicion.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

—Some weeks ago two eagles killed a goose on the farm of Warren Wheeler, in the Adirondacks, but for some reason did not carry the carcass away. Using the goose for bait, and procuring seven steel traps, the farmer awaited the birds' return. One was at once caught in the trap. To the surprise of the watchers, the other eagle immediately set about unrveting the steel jaws with its beak, emitting all the while a shrill, thumping sound, as of a blacksmith at his forge. Soon the steel trap was loosened, when the men, rushing on the noble bird which had relieved its comrade, clubbed it to death. On its neck was a leather medal, showing that it had once been captive for seven years in a cage in the blacksmith shop of John Bugg, whence it had evidently picked up its acquaintance with chilled steel.—*New Haven Palladium*.

—Four additional crypts, making nine in all, have recently been fitted up beneath the rotunda of the capitol at Washington and assigned by architect Clark to librarian Spofford for the use of the congressional library. The crowded condition of the library has not, however, been materially benefited, for the increase in the amount of material requiring shelf room or storage has much more than kept pace with the additional space acquired.

—There are sixteen species of trees in America whose perfectly dry wood will sink in water. The heaviest of these is the black ironwood (*confidia ferica*) of southern Florida, which is more than thirty per cent. heavier than water. Of the others the best known are the lignum vitae (*gualacum sanctum*), and mangrove (*rhizophora mangle*). Another is a small oak (*quercus grisea*) found in the mountains of Texas, southern New Mexico and Arizona, and westward to the Colorado desert, at an elevation of 5,000 to 10,000 feet. All the species in which the wood is heavier than water belong to semi-tropical Florida or the arid interior Pacific region.

—*The Book Buyer*, for June, says: "The mild sensation created by that long-expected volume, 'Society in London,' by 'A Foreign Resident,' which has lately been published, bids fair to be eclipsed early in its career by Comte Paul Vasilieff's letters on the same prolific subject. The first of these has appeared in the Paris *Nouvelle Revue*; it was immediately translated and promptly copied by half the papers in the kingdom, and an unusual eagerness has shown itself for the further chapters in the Comte's descriptions of the notabilities in London life. The gentleman who calls himself 'A Foreign Resident' it must be admitted at once, has attracted less public attention than might reasonably be expected. The people who figure in these pages include the royal family, statesmen, diplomats, lawyers, judges and divines, and, indeed, representatives in every walk of life, save that unhappy class 'engaged in trade' which we are led to believe have no society. There is a good deal of entertaining gossip in the chapter on litterateurs and journalists, though we can never finish a page without making a mental comment upon the frothiness and smallness of all that we read. In what way Comte Vasilieff will treat the lesser dignitaries of London society (if he discusses them at all) we can hazard no opinion, but, in his first letter, on the Queen and royal family, he takes the view that the present reign is paving the way to a republic, which much surprises the average Englishman. He is severe in his handling of august personages, though in the first letter, at least, he has not made any of those lapses from decency which disfigured his clever papers 'The Society of Berlin.' The Duke of Edinburgh he dubs 'the court fiddler,' the Duke of Cambridge 'a true soldier,' the Duke Ernest, a low sportsman, with shabby manners and an elastic standard of honor. In writing of the great ladies of the court the Comte displays marked gallantry, with a dash of satire thrown in to spice his comments."

¹ From *Science*, May 29.

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WAR STUDIES,

prepared by active participants in the stirring scenes described, and by the best of living writers. One-fourth of a century has softened the memories of the great civil conflict, and through the renewal of kindly intercourse between the North and the South our country is now rapidly growing in prosperity, wealth and power. The moment seems to have fully arrived for placing its history from all points of view on permanent record. The study of a contest so memorable for the magnitude of its issues and the sacrifices of blood and treasure it involved, must necessarily be conducted in the genuine historic spirit. The truth, not partisanship, will be represented. The mere description of battles is not so much a part of this important scheme as many other interesting phases of the War, such as its effects upon the people of the different sections of the country, and upon the world's future. Fresh material will surprise and inform our readers from time to time, with innumerable glimpses behind the scenes, which do not fall readily into the grasp of the annalist or reciter of adventures. Beginning with the first great uprising throughout the land in 1861, the method and continuity of these war studies will enable the student of American history to trace the memorable contest authoritatively from its inception to its close. It will be not only of interest now, but of surpassing value hereafter, as contemporaneous evidence for the future historian. These papers will be pertinently illustrated with portraits and also with photographs and pen-and-ink sketches made at the time, and never before published. The Magazine of American History has been so fortunate as to secure a large number of these negatives and drawings from distinguished sources, which will add immeasurably to the interest and value of the series.

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